

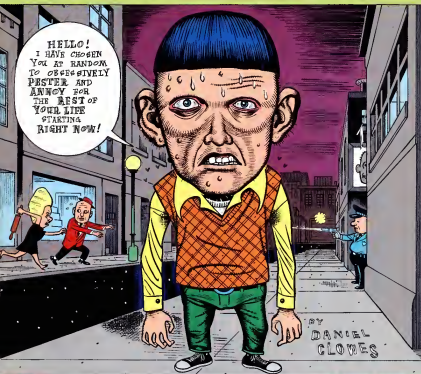


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NO. 8



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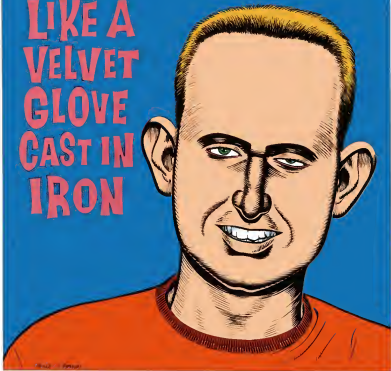
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PART EIGHT



SCREEECH!











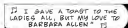
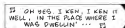
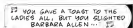
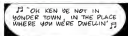
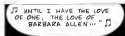
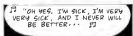






... AND HER NAME  
WAS BARBARA ALLEN ♪





♪ THEN LIGHTLY TRIPPED SHE  
DOWN THE STAIRS. HE TREMBLED  
LIKE AN ASPEN ... ♪



♪ 'TIS VAIN, 'TIS VAIN, MY  
DEAR YOUNG MAN, TO  
HONE FOR BARBARA ALLEN... ♪



♪ SHE WALKED OUT IN THE GREEN,  
GREEN FIELDS. SHE HEARD HIS  
DEATH-BELLS KNEELIN' ... ♪



♪ AND EVERY STROKE THEY  
SEEMED TO SAY, "HARD-  
HEARTED BARBARA ALLEN..." ♪



♪ HER EYES LOOKED EAST, HER  
EYES LOOKED WEST. SHE SAW  
HIS PALE CORPSE COMIN' ... ♪



♪ SHE CRIED 'BEARERS, BEARERS,  
PUT HIM DOWN, THAT I MAY  
LOOK UPON HIM...' ♪



♪ THE MORE SHE LOOKED, THE  
MORE SHE GRIEVED, UNTIL  
SHE BURST OUT CRYIN'... ♪



♪ SHE CRIED "BEARERS, BEAR-  
ERS TAKE HIM OFF, FOR I  
AM NOW A-DYIN'!" ♪



♪ OH FATHER, OH FATHER GO  
DIG MY GRAVE, GO DIG IT  
DEEP AND NARROW... ♪



♪ SWEET WILLIAM DIED FOR ME  
TODAY, I'LL DIE FOR HIM  
TOMORROW... ♪



♪ THEY BURIED HER IN THE  
OLD CHURCHYARD, SWEET  
WILLIAM'S GRAVE WAS NEIGH  
HER... ♪



♪ AND FROM HIS HEART GREW A  
RED, RED ROSE, AND FROM HER  
HEART A BRIER... ♪



♪ THEY GREW AND GREW O'er  
THE OLD CHURCH WALL, TILL  
THEY COULDN'T GROW NO  
HIGHER... ♪



♪ UNTIL THEY TIED A TRUE  
LOVER'S KNOT, THE RED ROSE  
AND THE BRIER... ♪



CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK



TO BE CONTINUED

# the RAGING MAIN

Write: EIGHTBALL  
Box 3357  
CHICAGO, IL.  
60654

Mr. Clowes,

[Re: 8-Ball] I am the sole resident of Papau, my private island off the coast of Borneo. Often I have imagined being stranded on a beach with no one, save for my colorful animal companions. Rocks, my trained parrot would make a fine conductor. The traditional tropical insects would serve well as the rappers. You can use this idea in your next comic - but I do expect some compensation, or least a "tip of the hat."

Everett Salmore  
Papau



Dear Dan,

Just a note to express my appreciation for "Art School Confidential". I've been a painter for 27 years and the most exciting thing to happen for me is a China painting class I enrolled in as a joke. It's all little old ladies who are on me because A) I'm the only male B) I'm under 65. My novel looks like a Dutch Dorenhik shoppe.

Charles Kraft  
Seattle, Wa.

Dear Dan,

You make me sick, Clowes! You got your comic Eightball (should be Hake-ball), and all you do is piss on fan-

boys and art students (which you yourself once were!) Can't you think of something more positive to do with your energy, and make your work less ugly? And instead of looking Christ, what the fuck is going on on p. 12, panel four? Those legs under the table must be six feet long! Where's your fucking sense of proportion. Clowes? And when the fuck do you draw people as mid-gods anyway? Fuck it, you're lucky to be living in America where you can get away with that Jesus-dust, and the druggies and liberals you're in bed with too!

Don Simpson  
Pittsburgh, PA

DESPITE THESE FIGHTIN' WORDS I AM STILL PRIDE TO CALL YOU FRIEND, DON! -- DC.



DEAR DAN,

Don't hate me for this but I've never read much of your work until recently (when) I had a chance to read a huge amount of the stuff. All at a go! I'd read a little bit here and there before and didn't get much out of it, but now that I dig your genre, MAN-YOU'RE FUNNY! Dan Messer is so damn funny! I love this character! I know this guy! I AM this guy! Didja notice that we had his face on the cover of MEDAOTS #37 That's the "ill-conceived per-art satire" I wrote for MONSTER COMICS.

Link Yaco  
Ann Arbor, MI.



Dear Daniel Clowes,

A few months ago I was listening to "Car Talk" and they had a reader. Use the following letters to spell just one word. DON'T GOUTWA. I figured it out after a few hours. "Goutwa" was my answer and I sent it in right away. The following week I listened to see if I'd won. The answer was "Just one word." They didn't read my name and stupid answer on the radio but still I felt embarrassed.

Steve Berner  
Seattle, Wa



Dear Daniel,

About "Reckless": My Vietnamese friend could relate to the boy for his small penis size but I could relate to it for another reason. When I was 16 or 17 I used to babysit for the neighbors. They had a dog named Kelly. One week they went on vacation and I was to take care of their house. I fed the dog but she was more interested in what I had in my pants. "What is it you want?" I asked. "What will you do if I give it to you?" I pulled my pants down and knelt on the cold cement floor. She immediately began to lick my penis. Lick! Lick! Lick! She was insatiable and I soon came. After I got off I was immediately disgusted with myself and vowed never to do such a filthy thing again!

Name & address  
withheld



The inventor  
relaxes at  
home - 1956



# PLUGSVILLE

JIM COFF / ED BROWN LPs

FAMED UNDERGROUND  
CARTOONIST MANNING TIPPED  
ME OFF TO THESE GUY'S  
A FEW YEARS AGO. THEN  
RECORDED 9 BRILLIANTLY  
WEIRD AND HILARIOUS  
LPs "FOR SMALL FRY  
AND SOPHISTICATED AD-  
ULTS" IN THE '60s  
WHICH IS TURNING OUT  
AS (MURKHOUSLY)  
STILL AVAILABLE (DIRECT  
FROM THE GREAT JIM  
COPP HIMSELF!) IT'S  
LIKE FINDING OUT YOU CAN STILL  
ORDER BIG FRY MEATS FROM THE BACK  
OF FAMOUS MONSTERS!  
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 \*GET YOUR  
 POEMS TO MUSIC\*  
 WILL THE WHOLE  
 SCAM BEHIND THAT  
 IS THAT YOU HAVE  
 TO PAY TO HAVE  
 YOUR ANKWARD,  
 UNMARKETABLE LUGHS RECORDED  
 BY A TIRED STUDIO BAND WHO'S  
 NEVER SEEN YOUR MUG UNTIL  
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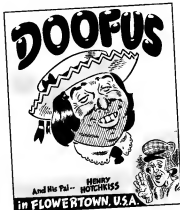
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By RICK ALTEGOTT



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# UGLY GIRLS

By Danny Clower



TRUE PHYSICAL BEAUTY (WE'RE TALKIN' CHICKS HERE - I DON'T KNOW FROM DUDES) MUST BE THAT PERFECT COMBINATION OF NATURAL AND CHOSEN ELEMENTS WHICH FALL TOGETHER IN A HARMONIOUS EVOLUTION OF FEMININITY... SUGGESTING SOMETHING BEYOND THE PHYSICAL... CHARACTER, HONESTY, HUMILITY FOR INSTANCE... THESE KINDA WOMEN ARE NOT SO EASY TO FIND NOWADAYS...



HELLO! HELLO! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ONE, BOYS! SHE'S A WONDER!



LOOK AT THAT FACE! IT RADIATES INNOCENCE AND HONESTY... THE GLASSES AND HAIRCUT, SO PRACTICAL AND UNPRETENTIONS... SHE'S STUNNING! SIGHT!

IS IT JUST ME?



ONCE WHEN I WAS A KID, AROUND 1972, I WAS AT A PUPPET SHOW IN STONY LAKE, MICHIGAN AND I SPOTTED THIS YOUNG BEAUTY ACROSS THE ROOM. I WAS MESMERIZED. AS SOMEONE UNABLE TO TAKE MY EYES OFF HER, I POINTED HER OUT TO THE GUYS I WAS WITH (TWO WHITE-TRASH LOCALS)... THEIR RESPONSE: "EWW, GRO-O-SS!"



SOME FIFTEEN YEARS LATER I SPOTTED THIS, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL WOMEN, ON THE NUMBER SIX BUS IN CHICAGO... BU THIS TIME I WHEN NOT TO POINT HER OUT TO ANYBODY BUT TRUST ME WHEN I SAY SHE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE BEAUTIFUL...



...MORRIS I'M GETTING TOO PERSONAL HERE... AFTER ALL I'M ONLY A FICTIONAL CARTOON CHARACTER...



ALL I KNOW IS WHEN I SEE A "BEAUTIFUL" WOMAN I'M USUALLY BOWLED OVER BY A KIND OF EXISTENTIAL BOREDOM... LIKE I WELL... IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN...



GALS WHO BUY INTO THIS GLAMOUR THING ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE TRYING TOO HARD... LIKE THEY'RE EMBARRASSED TO BE HUMAN...

...THE MORE MAKE-UP A GIRL HAS ON, THE MORE I WONDER IF SHE'S ACTUALLY A GUY IN DRAG!





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# GRIST FOR THE MILL

By DANIEL GILLETTE CORNET ©1992 J.D.





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Often when people look at my comic collection they say, "This is stupid, mindless, meaningless garbage." But you should see how they CHANGE THEIR MIND when I show them a \$1.25 comic from last year that's now worth upwards of FIFTY DOLLARS!



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...FALSE! It's the new comics from last month with that rare in the millions that command big \$!

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Should I buy 10 copies of BETA FORCE?

What are you, CRAZY?



The collector's most indispensible possession? His Checkbook!

"New Fictionists" #6?

GOT.

"Doc-Thwarted" #3?

GOT.

"Mini-Midget" #9?

GOT.



Explain one thing though--if the whole idea is to make money then why speculate in old comics? I mean, why not go into the stock market, or-- I mean--I don't get it...

You really DON'T get it, do you?



Where are the best values to be had? At a COMIC BOOK CONVENTION, natch! Here you'll be able to match prices and come away with bargains! Money-saving tip: Many conventions offer free admission to fans in costume!

Are there any girls here?

Why wouldn't there be?



Aside from wheeling and dealing there are a plethora of activities to be enjoyed at the 'con'...

A show of amateur fantasies art followed by a seminar on Japanese sci-fi weaponry? PINCH ME, I'M DREAMING!



Nighttime is for 'filking'--where like-minded enthusiasts get together to sing hominid songs about favorite characters and themes from the world of speculative fiction.

A Legion the Unicorn was lost in the Kingdom of the Troll until he was rescued by a battle, a centaur and a wife, old Anome JJ

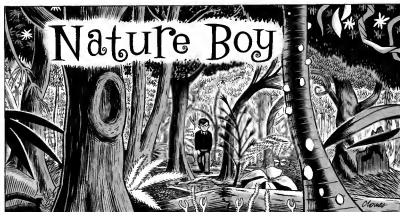


Then it's time to head back home, where the supreme pleasure of checking off new acquisitions is had.

Seems like an awful lot of work--so when are you gonna sell 'em all and make your profit?

When am I WHAT?











# GIVE IT UP!

by Clowes

Even if you have billions of dollars, what good does it do you? Are **OBSESSIVE GLUTTONY** and the **ACCUMULATION OF SURPLUS** really valid reasons for living?



**SURE**, you could use your wealth to get girls to fuck you, but you'll never be able to respect them, or yourself. As long as you're rich you'll **NEVER** know if anyone really likes you.



**FAME, RECOGNITION** and **ARTISTIC SUCCESS** are great ego-busters, but the **TRUE TEST** of acclaim is when it holds up 100 years after you're dead ... and think how stupid and illiterate people will be by THEN... And what do you care any way -- you're dead!



Think about it... can you think of **ANYONE** whose life you'd like to emulate? **EVER? REALLY?** If so, I'll bet you don't know the whole story!



**RELIGION** and **SPIRITUALITY** seem like the way to go but ultimately you'll be bowled over by the enormity of the questions at hand and fall into painful self-deception.



Try to imagine the **PERFECT LIFE**... All your ideas are pretty shallow, aren't they?



Relationships are no solution... only a **TEMPORARY DIVERSION** at best... an **OPIATE** to ease the pain, an untavolable biological imperative brought with emotional peril.



Let's face it... the **LAW OF AVERAGES** is dead set against you.



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YOU  
DOING?

WHAT  
IS THE  
HEADLAMP?

WHEN  
DID YOU  
FIRST  
GET THE  
HEADLAMP?

I first started getting the head injury when I first came in here, some time ago.



HOW  
DOES IT  
AFFECT  
YOU?

Wow, it went through your body right down to your feet, right through the feet. It struck me on the head and I feel it right down to my feet... that's all I know. It comes from the air.

DOES  
IT CAUSE  
YOU ANY  
PAIN?

DO YOU  
KNOW  
ANYONE  
ELSE WHO  
GETS THE  
HEADLAMP?

HOW  
DID IT  
GET  
THAT  
NAME?

NOT MUCH  
IS KNOWN  
ABOUT THE  
HEADLAMP,  
IS IT?

# My Suicide...



HASN'T EVERYBODY CONTEMPLATED SUICIDE OR AT LEAST FLIRTED WITH THOUGHTS OF SELF-DESTRUCTION AT SOME POINT IN THEIR LIVES? WHEN THE PRESSURES OF EXISTENCE WEIGH TOO HEAVILY, HASN'T EVERY ONE OF US TAKEN COMFORT IN THE NOTION THAT IF THINGS GOT REALLY BAD WE COULD JUST OFF OURSELVES AND THEN THEY'D BE SORRY! NO MORE MISTER NICE-GUY TO KICK AROUND ANY MORE! ... I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT REAL, SERIOUS, OUT-ON-THE-LEDGE SUICIDE, WITH A NOTE AND EVERYTHING (NECESSARILY)... JUST THOSE COMFORTING THOUGHTS OF DEATH WE ALL GET WHEN FACED WITH SOMETHING UNAVOIDABLY TEDIOUS AND MISERABLE...

LIKE IF YOU HAVE TO GIVE AN ORAL REPORT IN HIGH SCHOOL TOMORROW AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED YET...

I'LL WALK UP TO THE PODIUM AND PULL OUT A GUN AND BLOW MY HEAD OFF... NO, FIRST I'LL KILL AS MANY OF THEM AS I CAN, THEN I'LL...



OR LET'S SAY YOU BREAK OUT IN WHAT YOU'RE CONVINCED IS SOME KIND OF VD AND YOU'RE FACED WITH THE PROSPECT OF HAVING TO EXPLAIN A SLEAZY, RANDOM, SEXUAL ENCOUNTER TO YOUR FAMILY DOCTOR WHO'S KNOWN YOU AND YOUR PARENTS FOR YEARS...

IF I JUMP IN FRONT OF A TRAIN I'LL BE SPLATTERED AND THEY'LL NEVER KNOW!



YOU'RE WITH ME ON THIS, RIGHT? I MEAN IN THEORY THERE ARE LOTS OF SITUATIONS FOR WHICH DEATH MIGHT NOT BE SUCH A BAD ALTERNATIVE...

LIKE WHAT IF YOU GOT DRAFTED?



OR HAD TO GO TO PRISON?



OR WHAT IF YOU SOMEHOW GOT ELECTED PRESIDENT BY WRITE-IN VOTES AND EVERYBODY HATED YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE THE WORST PRESIDENT EVER?



I'M NOT SAYING YOU SHOULD KILL YOURSELF IF ANY OF THESE THINGS HAPPEN TO YOU (NECESSARILY)... IT WOULD TAKE AN AWFUL LOT FOR ME TO ACTUALLY STICK MY HEAD IN AN OVEN. I ALWAYS FIGURED IF THINGS GOT THAT BAD I COULD JUST SPLIT AND START A NEW LIFE UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME SOMEWHERE...



SOMETIMES I WONDER, THOUGH... WHAT IS IT WITH US HUMAN BEINGS AND OUR SELF-DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIOR? HERE I AM, A PERFECTLY WELL-ADAPTED FELLOW AND YET I HAVE THESE VIOLENT IMPULSES... LIKE IF I'M DRIVING ON A CROWDED FREEWAY IN FRONT OF A SPEEDING SEMI, I'M ALWAYS TEMPTED TO SLAM ON MY BRAKES JUST TO SEE HOW BAD OF AN ACCIDENT I COULD CAUSE...



OR WHEN I'M ON TOP OF A TALL BUILDING, I'M NEVER AFRAID OF ANYTHING UNTIL I BECOME AWARE OF HOW STRONGLY I'M SUPPRESSING MY URGE TO JUMP...



OR WHENEVER I SEE A COP WITH A GUN IN HIS HOLSTER, I WONDER IF I COULD GRAB IT AND KILL HIM BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO REACT...



SOMETIMES I WORRY THAT I MIGHT TEMPORARILY SPACE OUT AND DO IT BEFORE I WAS ABLE TO STOP MYSELF AND THEN MY LIFE WOULD BE FUCKED FOREVER!



I IMAGINE THAT MY VIOLENT FANTASIES ARE FAIRLY TAME AS FAR AS THOSE THINGS GO... JESUS, I DON'T EVER WANT TO KNOW THE HORRIBLE THINGS THE REST OF YOU MONSTERS THINK ABOUT!



OF COURSE, THE BEST REASONS FOR SUICIDE ARE: 1) TO BUM PEOPLE OUT, AND 2) TO LEARN EXACTLY WHAT EVERYBODY REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT YOU... WHICH IS WHY IT'S BASICALLY A STUPID IDEA SINCE YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO FIND OUT...

UNLESS IT TURNS OUT THAT WHEN WE DIE WE TURN INTO INVISIBLE GHOSTS WHO FLOAT AROUND AND SPY ON PEOPLE...



EVEN PEOPLE YOU HARDLY KNOW...

IF ONLY I HAD TOLD HIM HOW MUCH I -- BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE TOGET



HISTORY WOULD BEGIN TO SEE TO IT THAT THE MEMORY OF YOUR GREATNESS LIVED FOREVER...

WE WILL PUBLISH EVERY SCRAP OF PAPER THIS BRILLIANT MAN EVER WROTE ON!

I BID 5,000 DOLLARS FOR HIS CHECK STUBS!



YOU SEE PEOPLE EVERY DAY WHO LOOK LIKE THEY DON'T CARE IF THEY LIVE OR DIE, OR WHO THEY TAKE WITH 'EM!



IN THIS OPTIMAL SITUATION, YOU COULD WATCH UNNOTICED AT YOUR OWN FUNERAL AS THEY ALL MOURN THEIR TRAGIC, UNTIMELY LOSS...

IN THE IDEAL DEATH SCENARIO YOUR RELATIVES WOULD BE DEVASTATED AND UNABLE TO FUNCTION...



GAME WITH FRIENDS AND ESPECIALLY OLD GIRLFRIENDS...

I COULD NEVER LOVE ANYONE ELSE... THIS CURRENT HUSBAND IS MERELY A PATHETIC APPROXIMATION OF MY DEAR, DEAD DARLING! SHE!

HAS A THING FOR ALLITERATIVE SAWS!



BUT UNFORTUNATELY, ALL THIS IS PRETTY UNLIKELY... VERY FEW PEOPLE WOULD FEEL THAT BAD FOR MORE THAN A DAY OR TWO (IF AT ALL) AND ANYWAY, ALL THIS IS BASED ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT WHEN YOU DIE YOU'LL TURN INTO AN OMNISCIENT GHOST WHICH PROBABLY WON'T HAPPEN SO DON'T KILL YOURSELF AND SAY NO TO DRUGS!

